It is very difficult

DE

to convince children that a medicine is "nice to take" enced in ad-

-this trouble -this trouble is not experiministering

of Cod Liver Oil. It is almost as palatable as milk. Fear. No preparation so rapidly builds up good flesh, strength and nerve force. Mothers the world over rely upon it in all wasting diseases that children are heir to.

HOW TO GET RICH.

Economy and Labor Constitute the Only Royal Road to Wenith.

"It would be well for the young men sars. of to-day to take my recipe for becomtonian the other day.

"I began life at the very bottom rung of the ladder, but with a determina- rounded the point. tion that I would succeed if such a tune, and that labor was the second. while the rich blood suffused his neck I banished from my mind all other con- and face until it was fairly purple. siderations when I began to work upon the coal of which I was in search. I remember very distinctly going down Marshall street one day and having my pebbly shore, like an arrow from a attention attracted by a most catapult tempting display in a confecwindow. I had what is I brought up standing before the sweet collection, as if suddenly arrested by some irresistsible force. My hand immediately found its way to the pocket that carried my meager ings, and, before I really knew what I was doing, I had invested two nut Lord?" cents in butterscotch. When I got back into the street I began to have a full realization of what I had done, and it is safe to say that no candy ever entered a boy's mouth that was so little relished as was my butterscotch. I regretted that investment for years, and upon me while passing the store I put it away instantly.

"Keeping close to this line of strict economy, I found myself at last in a position to go into business. Then, however, I commenced to feel that capital clone was powerless in the attainment of success unless it was secended by untiring labor. Here also I met all the necessary requirements, frequently devoting twenty hours of the twenty-four to my business. Gradnally I found that I was amassing a fertune, and finally I established the house which now bears my name. After I had accomplished what I started out to do there came over me an entire change. I had no aspirations to become abnormally wealthy. All that I wanted was a safe guarantee against possible disaster in the future. I devoted a portion of my time to the enjoyment of life, believing that I had earned my right to do so. No sire there is no use in filling a boy's head with all the newfangled ideas of getting rich, as they are not practical. Economy and labor are the only elements that enter into with a yawn. the great plan of successful business life."-Boston Herald.

SWEET-TOOTHED RUFFIANS.

Bloodthirsty Afghans Have an Unusually Sweet Tooth

The Afghan has an extraordinarily sweet tooth, and it is most amusing to see these great hulking, shambling fellows patronizing the sweetment shops. The Hindoostani is a great consumer of sugar, and his tastes in this direc-

tion are the grossest. Their sweets are simply lumps of unrefined sugar formed into fantastic images, or made to crudly resemble animals and human beings. The Mahomedan, however, through

his hatred of idolatry, would not purchase a sweetmeat which bore likeness to living things, nor would a Hindoo who had respect for his person be bold enough to offer an image to an Afghan. The deadly insult would be followed

with the exclamation, "Hut jao," "get nence," and a blow sufficiently powerful to fell an ox and kill a weakly Hin-

The picture that an Afghan presents. with his hands and mouth full of sweetmeats as assuredly excites a smile us does the spectacle of two stout, unwieldy Frenchmen falling upon each other's necks and weeping and kissing an affectionate adieu.

You feel morally certain this hure. innecent-looking Afghan has remorselessly killed several of his friends, who have made themselves objectionable to him, and you are equally as certain that in the folds of his voluminous chapkan several deadly weapons are stowed away, while his lonse, baggy tronsers, tied fast at the ankels, also

Judging from the Family. Chappy-My brother is a fool.

WORTH A GUINEA A SO.

Penelope—I have nover met him, but I can readily believe it.—Boston Globe.



WYLIE ADAMS.

The Impetuous Nature of a Child of the Woods

"Ee-oh, ee-oh, ho-ee!"

What a sharp young voice it was; full of character and independence, and yet with undertones of undefined sweetness, evidently needing only cultivation to bring it into power.

The girl, for it was one, stood just on the bank of a clear, running stream, which might have been either a river or a creek-it was wide, limpid and deep. She was tall and somewhat angular,

woman in height, but the short cotton frock and short red hair, and something in the way she stood, spoke at once of youthfulness, had not her voice been heard. She was in her eighteenth

With one long brown hand shading her eyes from the glaring autumn sunset, she stood apparently awaiting

All about her were the forest trees in their richest colorings, and the soft rustle of the leaves with the ripple of the water was all that was heard for a moment after the shrill echo of her roice died away; then the big black dog lying at her bare feet growled and sprang quickly to his own.

"Comin' at last," the girl said in an undertone, as the dip of oars, at first faintly and then louder, fell upon her

"You're never tardy," she continued ing prosperous," said a wealthy Bos- with a slight sneer, as a small skiff containing one occupant, a young fellow of about twenty-three years of age,

He wore a suit of bine denims, a thing were possible with the talent that rimless straw hat, and his feet were I possessed. Early in life I came to the also bare. He was dark almost to conclusion that economy was the first swarthiness, and his black eyes gave a great assential in establishing a for gleam of satisfaction for an instant,

"I ain't late," he said slowly, while the road that I felt sure would lead to a wide sweep of the oars with his strong arms and brawny shoulders shot the little boat far upon the

"Awful smart," the girl said, sententiously, giving the huge brute at her known as a very sweet tooth, and side several sharp cuffs on his ears to emphasize her words and give vent to her temper.

"I wouldn't kill the dog 'cause yer mad at me," he said. "Kill nothin"," she ejeculated, sullen-

"What time d'ye reckon it is, Beech-"Nigh onto six, I guess," be answered, quietly, stepping from the

boat and drawing it still further on shore. "Um, um, it's after seven." He fastened the little craft, and then as she started up the path he followed her at the heels of the dog, and in whenever the temptation again came much the same dejected way, through the thick, winding interlacing of leaves

> The faint tinkle of bells could be heard in the distance, as the trio followed in the foot tracks of the lowing kine, and anon the whir of partridges and twitter of night birds. Darkness fell as they reached the bars, where the big eyed cows stood in the fading grass

and weeds, quietly waiting. Beechnut took down the bars and drove the cows into the yard, Wylie following with her pink sun bonnet on her arm, her sallow face full of discon-He put up the bars again.

"Good night," he said, kindly, and turned away.

"Ain't ye comin' in?" Wylle turned suddenly and scowled.

"Not t'night," and he was gone "Smart. I like that," she commented. The big black dog still slunk at her heels, and skulked after her as she entered the low doorway of an old log house, and then he crept under a coarse bed that stood in the corner of the low-ceilinged room, and lay down

Wylie Adams gave a little start as she entered the room. A bright fire burned in the wide fireplace, over which hung an iron pot, from which

issued savory odors. A tall, middle-aged woman was busy about the room and a stranger sat before the fire in one of the few splintbottomed chairs the cabin contained. He did not see Wylie when she entered, as he sat looking thoughtfully into the fire, but the tall woman spoke.

"Wall, ye're cum at last?" Wylis made no reply, but a nod, and the first time in her life, looked down with a blush at her bare feet. which were both soiled and bruised.

It was evidently something unusual for a stranger to be seen near Silver creek, and this stranger was certainly out of the ordinary. Wylie's daring spirit quailed.

He turned and arose as Wylie's mother spoke, bowing and offering his chair, his eyes resting upon the long, brown feet the young girl was vainly endeavoring to conceal with her skirts. Her face was crimson. The stranger slightly lifted his evebrows.

'Don't be a peacock," exclaimed Mrs. Adams as she wiped her face with her gingham apron. "I recking this young feller's seen feet afore, though they mout be purtier. Come, take hold and

help git supper on." The crimson never left the young girl's face during the (to Wylie) tedious supper, nor during the evening as she helped her mother with the work, while her father sat and

smoked his pipe and talked with the mewcomer. The gawky girl cast furtive glances at the stranger, and thought how fair and "good-lookin" he was, how yelcover slaughtering steel. - Boston ferent from Beechnut and other boys

she knew Once she discovered him looking worthy of any woman's love, one might keenly at her, and if she could have have said a better cause; but there read his thoughts they would have

been in this wise: "Not such a had looking girl, if she was well dressed and educated. Nice returns were great. Speiled in one eyes. Badly tunned. No. I don't admire red hair. Most too thin and tall, and why does she go barefooted?"

She was not a mind reader, had never heard of such a being, and only intervals of kindly teleration which continued to feel humble and embarrassed without knowing why.

After the young men had been given | adorer again. "tallow dip," and shown to the inher room, and the rude door closed at- son was to board with her parents for ter him for the night, Wylie crept to several weeks, as Mr. Adams' bouse her father's side

want hver?" ont, an' he's goin' to build a big, fine millionaire was sensible and content house down than by the old ford, an' I

that, the' he didn't say."

ried away and up the ladder to the loft she called her room; but she did not go to bed; she sat down on the floor by the tiny window, with a look on her face it had never known before, and watched the moon as it came slowly un through the trees and silvered the

waters of the wide creek. "I hate him," she murmured, and again that dry, choking sob. There was a glitter in her eyes that shone brightly under the radiance of the moon, and in her heart a sensation. born of woe, that this stranger was a usurper and had no right to this spot, these trees, this rippling water, this place that seemed to her had known er always, though the land was his before she was born. All night long she sat until the day broke, then, with a pale face and weary eyes, she crept down the ladder, and motioning to "Nil," the dog, who lay at the foot of the bed where her parents slept, the two went softly out in the early autumn dawn and down to the old

Her heart ached so she was nearly

Though scarcely four o'clock, Beechnut Lord, her companion of the night previous, was before her and unfastening his boat.

"Yes," he answered, humbly, not expressing the surprise he felt at meeting her there at that early hour, nor making any explanations as to his own conduct, while the dull red crept up to the roots of his black hair.

"What you follerin' me for?" she asked savagely.

Then he did look surprised, for to him it had seemed just the other way; and when he first caught a glimpse of her dress through the trees, his heart gave a sudden bound, and, for an instant only, he flattered himself she came because he was there; but it was only for an instant. He made no reply as he pushed the boat into the water and threw the chain in, preparing to follow.

"Yore allus in my way," she said roughly. He looked up quickly.

"Am I?" deeply. "Yas, allus an' allus. I wish you'd

go away so fur 't I'd never see you ag'in." She sat down and buried her face in

ber hands. "Do you reely mean that, Wylie Adams?" he asked, as he stepped into his little skiff.

"Yas," she nodded, "I do;" and then she heard the soft dip of the oars as the boat went from shore, and "Nil" gave a low, piteous whine, then all was still. Presently the head that was buried in the long, brown hands fell over to one side and rested against the trunk of a tree, and Wylie Adams slept while the dog lay dozing at her side.

Voices awoke her, and, scrambling to her feet, she saw her father, with the handsome stranger, coming towards Again the pitiful blush mounted her cheeks, and with one bound she was out of sight, and flying like a frightened bird through the trees and thick underbrush. When she reached her numble home again, she paused at the watering trough and bathed her face, hands and feet.

"Mother," she said, coming close to her side where she sat in the open door, "I'm sick, can't I put on my shoes?

Mrs. Adams looked up quickly; she was rough and uncouth, but the mother heart was there.

"I d'clar fer't, ye look sick. Whar ye bin so airly, Wylie?" "Down yonder," the girl answered, nodding towards the creek; and, gaining her mother's consent to don her footwear, she hastened up to the loft and put on her one pair of heat stock ings, a mixed red and blue woolen, and her coarse cowhide shoes, changed her apron, smoothed out her hair and came back and sat down in a chair near the fireplace. The weather was still warm and balmy, but she felt

chilled through. None too soon, for her father and Mr. Howard Anson, the stranger, came in

almost instantly. "What's up?" her father asked, seeing his daughter in holiday attire, while Mr. Anson, noticing the change, was too well bred to evince any surprise; but he thought:

"Why, she is quite pretty," and then forgot all about her.

"I'm afeerd she's sick," Mrs. Adams answered, solicitously, and laid her coarse hand very gently upon the girl's hot forehead.

"Oh, I reckin not," said father, and turned his attention to his guest, who began making inquiries about procuring employes to fell the trees and prepare the ground for building.

"I know of one, and he's a stunner for work," Mr. Adams answered, "and thet's Beechnut Lord. Wylle here kin tell you that," he chuckled, while his daughter frowned and turned her burning face away; then, after filling his pipe, he continued: "An' there's lots more. Beech knows lots of fellers up the creek," while Wylie's flashing eyes spoke volumes.

"How I hate 'em both," she thought, meaning Mr. Anson and Beechnut Lord, the young frontiersman, who would have given his life for hers, with all her willful caprices.

Wylie Adams and Beechnut Lord had woodland farms owned by their parents, and each was an only child.

Wylie's was a ffature always at war him with taunts and treated him worse waited upon her, and loved her with .

dumb, hopeless sort of a devotion. were deep wells in Wylie Adams' nature, all unfathomed, and her capabilities for good and usefulness, and kindly sense, she had become a little tyrant. Beechnut Lord would long ago have turned his eyes and heart in another direction had it not been for the rare lifted him to the seventh heaven, only to make him her willing slave and

That day Wylie learned that Mr. Anwas the nearest of access to his build-"Who is he, pap? as' what due he log site, and, although everything was of the plainest and coarsest, Mrs. "A young chap as is rich as all git Adams was very neat, and the young The next morning Wylle went about reckin he'll bring his folks hver arter the house as usual, but she still wore her shoes and stockings. When Mr. Wylie Adams didn't wait for more. Anson returned to his supper but, with a little dry, choking sah har- | evening, there was a different light in



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his eyes, and he regarded the gi

As day after day passed by, Wylle's repugnance to him grew less, until she began to long for his presence. His very indifference drew her towards him. She began to do many little favors for him, which he seemed to take as a mat-

Poor child, she did not consider wealth, education, station or power as anything to be wished for, or as a barrier between herself and anything that she desired. She frequently gathered fresh flowers and placed them in his om, but he always gave her mother the thanks for being so kind, and said nothing to her. Strange to say, she did not feel piqued-her heart sank and a great loneliness stole over her.

Child-like and ignorant, and wholly innocent of any wrong, she began dogging his footsteps, and lying in wait for him as it were, only that she might be near him. If he noticed it, he did not appear to at first, but he began to frown at her finally, and then the hot tears sprang to her eyes and she hid in the bushes, and watched him from her little window in the loft, fairly devouring him with her gaze.

Matters continued in this way for some time, Mr. Anson not being able to get away as soon as he expected. Wylie began to droop, and grow pale and spiritless, and yet in all this time she had never once given Beechnut

Lord one thought. "What's become of Beechnut?" her mother asked her, and she answered:

"I dunno ner don't keer." "Wall, thet's singler," Mrs. Adams replied, "you reely don't know?" "No," sharply.

The mother said nothing further; but she sighed, and noticed that evening. for the first time, how gladly and eagerly Wylie waited upon Mr. Anson, and how the red blood rushed to her

She shook her head dubiously. When Howard Anson announced that he would leave Silver creek the next morning and could not tell when he would return, Wylie's heart beat so tumultuously she thought she would fall. He did not go until the next afternoon, however, just before dusk; and when he had bidden Mr. and Mrs. Adams good-by, Wylie was not there, but waiting for him outside; and when he passed where she stood hidden, she stole after him ashe strolled down towards the old ford through the now almost leafless trees, many of which had been cut down, and lay in huge piles about; and, catching up with him, touched him lightly upon the hand.

He turned with a violent start. "Mr.-Mr.-Anson," she stammered. Poor child, she was very innocent of the world's ways, and much to be

pitied. He paused and looked at her in as-

tonishment. "Well, what do you want? Have you come to say good-by? I remember now that I did not see you at the house." He extended his hand. She grasped it eagerly, and held it fast

between her two cold, thin hands. "Don't you-don't you care nuthing fer me. Mr. Anson?" meekly, with the sound of tears in her voice.

It hardly seemed possible that this was the willful, apparently cruel Wylie of a few weeks previous. "What do you mean?" he asked.

sternly. "I like you awful much," here she broke down and sobbed aloud. He took his hand from her detaining grasp. "Miss Adams," he said, "I am sorry for this; go home; you have been great annoyance to me: I wish to never see you again. A girl to do such a thing," and then he strode on, leaving her standing there, cold, still and

white, wishing she were dead. Somehow the words he uttered made her think of Beechnut Lord, and her last words to him.

With a sudden revulsion of feeling. she cried out: Oh, Beechnut, you liked me, you

woulden' her treated me so; where are you, Beechnut?" And then a heavy footstep sounded near, and a brawny arm stole about her waist.
"Here I am, dearie. I jest reckin

Beechnut woulden' her treated you that way, and I've come back in time to tell you so. Is it all right, Wylie?" She had her long, thin arms about his neck, and whispered through her sobs and tears:

"Ye're the bestest Beechnut in all the world."-Mrs. H. C. Bevis, in Woman's Work.

Can't Afferd to See a Sea Serpent. There was a captain of a Cunarder once who was called onto the bridge by his first officer to see a supposed sea grown up side by side on the little serpent. "Sir." said he, "I once knew a man who saw one, and put his name to a document to that effect. He was a captain, too, and when he came into with itself, and yet, though she stung harbor his employers dismissed him because they said they couldn't have a than her dog. Reechnut toiled for her, skipper who got so drunk as that. He was the sport of the press for a month and his friends all put him down for as big a liar as Capt. Drake's great-grandfather. I'm going below. I can't afford to see sea serpents." - London

That's How. She-How do you like my new hat? He-In the bandbox.-Chicago News



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THE JONES FAMILY.

Mr. Jones .. es Mrs. Jones a Lesson In "Maria," said Mr. Jones, as his wife came in with her street suit on. "I wonder at you wearing a train to your dress. Seems to me you used to have

"It isn't my fault, Jeptha," said Mrs. Jones in a discouraged way, "goodness knows I don't want to go about dragging the hem of my best gown in the mod. It's the dressmaker's fault. She would have it so." "H'm! I'd like to see that dress-

maker. I'd give her a piece of my mind. What right has she to dictate what you should or should not wear?" "Oh, she said it would ruin her business to make a short dress when trains were worn. She wanted it ever so longer, but I insisted on a moderate length. You don't know anything about the trial a woman has to get a dress made in the way she wants it done," said Mrs. Jones, breathlessly

"That's where you're weak. I'd smile to see a man giving up that way to his tailor," said Mr. Jones, "I just would. I've ordered a coat made to suit me. Keep your eyes peeled, Maria, and see if my tailor puts in any frills or furbe lows I didn't order. I think I see him.' It was Sunday morning when Mr. Jones received his new coat, much to

his chagrin, as he had spent all Saturday evening lying in wait for it at the front door. He got into it in a hurry, for he wanted to wear it to church. "How does it fit?" he said anxiously, as he struggled into it. "Well, I should say, "through lost to

sight, to memory dear.' Why that collar is above your ears, and the cuffs are over your hands. Jeptha, that coat was never made for you. "Wasn't it?" snarled Mr. Jones: "per haps you'd like to wear it yourself, Mrs. Jones? What's the matter with

this coat?" asked Jones, defiantly, as bould be appetite splendid, sleep he seized his tall hat and placed it on all from the use of S. S. his head. But that coat collar rose up and floored the hat, and Mr. Jones said a word that had several consonants in it, and Mrs. Jones laughed till she "Nice conduct for Sunday morning.

speered Jones, rolling his coat collar down and his sleeves up in a pugilistic way; "if you think this coat is a misfit, you're mistaken, that's all " "I suppose it's the fashion to have

coat sleeves trail," remarked Mrs. Jones. as she stuffed her handkerchief into her mouth to keep from laughing.
"Oh, you think you're smart," said
Jones, in a rage. Then he took the

coat off and kicked it into the closet The next morning heeinterviewed his tailor, and the costs in the assault and battery case which followed would have kept Maria in pin-money for a year. But Mr. Jones says no tailor can monkey with his clothes and live to brug of it. - Detroit Free Press.

A LITTLE TOO STEEP.

His Great Air was Larger than His

Pocketbook The know-all young man from fa prightly country town stepped up to the register in a Detroit hotel, and put down his name, about the same time the porter put down his satchel. "I understand," he said with a great

nir, "that this is the swellest hotel in "That's its reputation," replied the

clerk with meekness.
"Very good. That's what I'm look-Now, can I get a room here?" "Certainly. What kind of a room do you wish?"

The guest looked hurt. "The best you have in the house, of

The clerk bowed acquiescence. "John," he said to the porter, "take the gentleman's satchel to number twolve."

"By the way," inquired the gentleman with an indifferent air, "how much a day will it be?" "Twenty-five dollars," said the clerk

with a little smile. "W-what?" gasped the guest losing for the instant his balance.
"Twenty-five dollars," the clerk re-

peated slowly. The young man took a brace on him-"Can I have it as long as I please at that price?" he inquired with [so much

coolness that the clerk was staggered

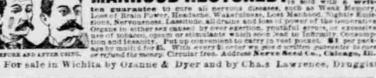
and lost his smile. "Certainly, sir," he responded with his former meekness. "Well, I'll take it for just half a see ond; make out my bill and give me a room higher in the house and lower in the price," and the clerk was so pleased with the way he came down off his perch that he let him have a two-dollar

Pashionable Mother (languidly)-Well Sarah how is baby to-day? Maid-He cut two teeth this morning,

room for half the money. - Detroit Free

Fashionable Mother (still more languidly)-That was very negligent of you, Sarah. You ought not to let . young baby play with a knife-Truth.

by NREWOLD DIBILITY PILLAR, these statements of the constitute from Newronz Data and Weakness, and herbing heen us constitute fread, and the few promety a certain and ageody care foot manhood, premature decay machility, and confidence, mental degreesion, paintaining of heart, weak memory, exhausted withinity, bad dress from the property of the prop



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Postage Stamps for Seats.

Americans who chance to receive let

ers from Russia are usually surprised

to find the foreign postage stamp on

their env clope used as a seal-affixed,

that is to say, to the center of the side

opposite to that on which the address

tling in the United States continue the

course, to the annoyance of United

States post office officials. A case of

this kind occurred recently in New

York state, but it was explained quite

inadequately by a writer in "The World," who alleged that the colonists

sealed their letters with the postage

stamps because communications from

the United States were usually opened

in the Russian post offices before being

delivered. As a matter of fact, the

and simply means that distrust of the

imperial post office in that country is

Encouragement

dulgent parent to the anxious suitor,

that my daughter has been reared in

glad you mentioned it, for it couvinces

me that you realize the importance of

making us a liberal allowance to live

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verties of Medical Science as amplied to Mar-ed Life, who wend atoms for past follows and avoid return piffalls, should write for this ONDERSUL LITTLE MOOR. I will be sent free, under scal, while the edi-

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CINCINNATI, O.

品

Removes tan plu

"Yes, sir, I know that. Still, I am

"I suppose you know," said the in-

widespread.-Free Russia.

upon."-Detroit Free Press.

the lap of luxury?"

SSS

habit is diffused all through Russia,

practice acquired at home, much.

written. Sometimes Russians set-

EQUILIBRIUM AND THE EAR.

The Connection Between Them is Shown to Experiments with sharks. Sharks have lately been affording contributions to science. The bic gists have been vivisecting them for the purpose of finding out about the functions of the ear, which in fishes is made to some extent on the same pattern as in man. The fact has been k nown for some time that the ear is not merely an organ of hearing. It has to do with the sense of equilibrium. Light has been thrown on this matter by removing pertions of the auditory apparatus of sharks, which are thus rendered unable to maintain their balance in the

The part on which this faculty seems to depend is the "labyrinth," and the same effect is produced by cutting the nerves communicating with it. Science is paying much attention now to the observation of marine forms, because the animals that dwell in the ocean are the oldest in existence. According to the theory of evolution, human beings, as well as all other land animuls, are

descended from them. It is difficult to realize that our ancestors in the distant past lived under water and that they made their first vertebrate appearance as sea worms, but the scientific men insist that such is the fact. Sharks are selected for certain experiments because they are the most ancient of all surviving types of fishes - Philadelphia Press

A Double Pleasure

"Curious thing about Grabbard, the "What is it?" "He never drinks except when he is

going to count his money. What does he do that for?" "He sees double then."-N. Y. Press

THE MAKERS OF BOOKS GLADSTONE has decided to appoint no

necessor to the late poet-laureate. PARKMAN, the historian, is said to be the handsomest literary man in Boston. MARR TWAIN'S funny stories have only recently begun to be appreciated

in Italy. Ms. Swinnermen has written a long poem on Grace Darling. His early life was passed in the locality which was the scene of her heroism, and he knew ber father.

No Hope of Getting Money Back. Artist-Just look, darling! I was short of canvas, so I've stretched a clean pocket handkerehlef; see how splendidly it takes the point!

His Prudent Little Wife-Oh, John dear, how extravagant of you! IVII never come out .- Boston Globe. A Talested Goat.

"Where have you been, Tommy?

"Out in the stable giving my goaf drawing lessons. I teached him how to draw a wagon." Children Cry for

M. W. LEVY. Pres. A. W. OLIVER, V. Pres

Pitcher's Castoria.

STATEMENT Of the Condition of the Wichita National Bank

Made to the Comptroller of Currency at the Close of Business, Sept 30th, 1892. BESOURCES.

3,241.55

Loans and Disconts. . \$609,032,59 Bonds and Stocks... 36,532,22 U. S. Bonds 50,000.00 Real Estate 65,000.00 Due from U. S. 2,250.00 Overdrafts Cash aud Exchange, 231,297.60 \$997,358.96 LIABILITIES. Capital \$250,000.00

Undivided Profits... 2,381.19 Circulation 45,000.00 Deposits 649,972.77 2997,353.96

Correct, C. A. WALKER Cashr.

Surplus 50,000.00

L.D. SEISNES. B. LONMAND. Jr. W. H. Levenson on

State National Bank.

OF WICHITA, KAN.

DIRECTORS John B. Carey, W. F. Green, J. P. Arien, I. M. Allen, P. V. Healy H. Lumbard, Jr., Pet-lette, L. D. Skinner, ames L. Lombard.

DAVIDSON & CASE

John Davidson, Polneer Lumbermen

of Sedgwick County.

ISTABLISHED :: 1N::: 1870

complete Stock of Pine Lumber shingles, Lath, Peers, Sach, etc., always on band,

tween Pottplas ave. and i fra at. at. brnach yards at Iwlen City, Ohio homa City, El Reno and Miner, Ohio